

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,  
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,  
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:  
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen  
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrinke vp.

*Hen.* How fares your Maiesty?

*Iob.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forooke, cast off,  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdomes Riuer take their course  
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North  
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,  
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight  
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

*Hen.* Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,  
That might releecue you.

*Iob.* The salt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the poyson  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,  
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion  
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

*Iob.* Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,  
And all the throwds wherewith my life should faile,  
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:  
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royaltie.

*Bast.* The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,  
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him,  
For in a night the best part of my powre,  
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,  
Were in the *Washes* all vnwarly,  
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

*Sal.* You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare  
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

*Hen.* Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,  
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,  
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,

As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.  
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,  
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,  
And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame  
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:  
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,  
The Dolphin rages at our verie heeles.

*Sal.* It seemes you know not then so much as we,  
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,  
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace,  
As we with honor and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,  
For many cariages hee hath dispatch'd  
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell  
To the disposing of the Cardinall,  
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,  
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast  
To consummate this businesse happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,  
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

*Hen.* At Worcester must his bodie be interr'd,  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then,  
And happily may your sweet selfe put on  
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,  
To whom with all submission on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices  
And true subiection euerslastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our loue wee make  
To rest without a spot for euermore.

*Hen.* I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,  
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

*Bast.* Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,  
Since it hath bene before hand with our griefes,  
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.  
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.



## The life and death of King Richard the Second.

### Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

*Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles  
and Attendants.*

*King Richard.*

*Ed Iohn of Gaunt,* time-honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band  
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son:  
Heere to make good yboistrous late appeale,

Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Gaunt.* I haue my Liege.

*King.* Tell me moreouer, hast thou founded him,  
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily as a good subiect should

On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

*Gaunt.* As neere as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparant danger seene in him,  
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare

Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;

High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage, deafe as the sea; haffie as fire.

*Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

*Bul.* Many yeares of happy dayes befall  
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

*Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the heauens enuyng earths good hap,  
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs;  
As well appeareth by the cause you come.

Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Bul.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,

Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appealant to this Princely presence.

Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,

And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,

My body shall make good vpon this earth,

Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.

Thou art a Traitor, and a Misdreamer;

Too good to be so, and too bad to liue.

Since the more faire and chaste is the King,

The more blacke and foule is the Traitor.

Since the more true and honest is the King,

The more false and vntrue is the Traitor.

Since the more iust and righteous is the King,

The more cruell and bloody is the Traitor.

The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,

And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,

What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:

'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.

First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,

From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,

Which else would poast, vntill it had return'd

These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throte.

Setting aside his high bloods royaltie,

And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,

I do defie him, and I spit at him,

Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:

Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,

And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,

Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,

Or any other ground inhabitable,

Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.

Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,

By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

*Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,

And lay aside my high bloods Royaltie,

Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.

If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,

As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoop.

By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,

Will I make good against thee arme to arme,

What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,

Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,

Ile answer thee in any faire degreet,

Or Chiuallrous designe of knightly triall:

And when I mount, aliae may I not light,

If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

*King.* What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbrays* charge?

It must be great that can inherite vs,

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bul.* Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,

That *Mowbray* hath receiue'd eight thousand Nobles,

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